

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Major Amberson had nade a fortune in 1873 when other people were losing fortunes, and the magnificence of the Ambersons began then. Major Amerson laid out a 200-acre "development," ith roads and statuary, and in the centro f a four-acre tract, on Amberson avenue, will for himself the most magnificent attack on the Midland City had ever seen.

CHAPTER II.—When the major's daughter married young Wilber Minafer the neighbors predicted that as Isabel could never really love Wilbur all her love would be bestowed upon the children. There was only one child, however, George Amberson Minafer, but his uppringing and his youthful accomplishments as a mischief maker were quite in scepting with the most pessimistic predictions.

CHAPTER III.—By the time George went away to college he did not attempt to conceal his belief that the Ambersons were about the most important family in the world. At a ball given in his honor when he returned from college, George monoscilized Lucy Morgan, a stranger and the "dilest girl present, and got on famously with her until he learned that a "queer looking duck" at whom he had been poking much fun, was the young lady's father. He was Eugene Morgan, a firmer resident of Bigburg, and he was returning there to erect a factory and to build horseless carriages of his own invention.

CHAPTER IV.—Eugene was an old admirer of Isabel's and they had been engaged when Isabel threw him over because of some youthful indiscretion and married Wilbur Minafer.

## CHAPTER V.

Having thus, in a word, revealed his ambition for a career above courts, marts and polling booths, George breathed more deeply than usual, and, turning his face from the lovely companion whom he had just made his confidant, gazed out at the dancers with an expression in which there was both sternness and a contempt for the squalld lives of the at least. "See here!" he said, "Are unyachted Midlanders before him. However, among them he marked his mother, and his somber grandeur relight came into his eyes.

Isabel was dancing with the queerlooking duck; and it was to be noted that the lively gentleman's gait was more sedate than it had been with anywhere?" Miss Fanny Minafer, but not less dexterous and authoritative. He saw George and the beautiful Lucy on the stairway and nodded to them. George waved his hand vaguely; he had a momentary return of that inexplicable nnessiness and resentment which had

troo ed him downstairs. "How lovely your mother is!" Lucy

Baid.

the is," he agreed gently. "She's the gracefulest woman in that ballroom. How wonderfully they dance together!" "Who?"

"Your mother and-and the queerlooking duck," said Lucy. "I'm going to dance with him pretty soon."

"I don't care so long as you don't give him one of the numbers that

belong to me." "I'll viry to remember," she said, and thoughtfully lifted to her face

the bouquet of violets and lilies, a "ticularly fresh." gesture which George noted without approval. "Look here! Who sent you those

flowers you keep makin' such a fuss over?"

"He did." "Who's 'he?"

"The queer-looking duck." George feared no such rival; he

laughed loudly. "I s'pose he's some old widower!" he said, the object thus described seeming ignominious enough to a person of eighteen, without additional characterization. Lucy became serious at once. "Yes,

he is a widower," she said. "I ought to have told you before; he's my father."

George stopped laughing abruptly. known he was your father of course I wouldn't have made fun of him. I'm sorry."

"Nobody could make fun of him," she said quietly. "Why couldn't they?"

"It wouldn't make him funny; it would only make themselves silly." Upon this George had a gleam of

intelligence. "Well, I'm not going to don't want to take chances like that with you. But I thought he was the Sharon girls' uncle. He came with them-

"Yes," she said; "I'm always late you." to everything: I wouldn't let them wait for me. We're visiting the Charons."

"About time I knew that! You forget my being so fresh about your father, will' you? Of course he's a distinguished-looking man, in a way."

Lacy was still serious. "In a way " she repeated. "You mean, not in your way, don't you?" George was perplexed. "How do

you mean: not in my way?" "People often say 'in a way' and 'rather distinguished looking,' or rather' so-and-so, or 'rather' anything, to show that they're superior, don't hey. It's a kind of snob slang, I think. Of course people don't always: may 'rather' or 'in a way' to be su-

"I should say not! I use both of 'em a great deal myself," said George. "One thing I don't see, though: What's the use of a man being six feet three? Men that size can't handle themselves as well as a man about five feet eleven and a half can." George was a straightforward soul,



"Are You Engaged to Anybody?"

you engaged to anybody?" "No."

laxed momentarily; a more genial his shoulders. "You seem to know a good many people! Do you live in New York?"

"No. We don't live anywhere." "What do you mean: you don't live

"We've lived all over," she answered. "Papa used to live here in this town, but that was before I was born."

"What do you keep moving around so for? Is he a promoter?" "No. He's an inventor."

"What's he invented?" "Just lately," sald Lucy, "he's been working on a new kind of horseless carriage."

"Well, I'm sorry for him;" George said, in no unkindly spirit. "Those things are never going to amount to anything. People aren't going to spend their lives lying on their backs in the road and letting grease drip in their faces."

"Papa'd be so grateful," she returned, "if he could have your advice."

Instantly George's face became flushed. "I don't know that I've done anything to be insulted for!" he said. "I don't see that what I said was par-"No, indeed!"

"Then what do you-"

She laughed gayly. "I don't! And I don't mind your being such a lofty person at all. I think it's ever so interesting-but papa's a great man!" "Is he?" George decided to be

good-natured. "Well, let us hope so. I hope so, I'm sure," Looking at him keenly, she saw that

the magnificent youth was incredibly sincere in this bit of graciousness. She shook her head in gentle wonder. "I'm just beginning to understand," she said. "Understand what?"

"What it means to be a real Amberson in this town. Papa told me "Well, that's a horse on me. If I'd but I see he didn't say half enough!" George superbly took this all for in solitary possession, tribute. "Did your father say he

"Yes, I believe he was particularly a friend of your Uncle George; and he didn't say so, but I imagine he must have known your mother very town was smaller in those days, and I believe he was quite well known,"

"I dare say. I've no doubt the fumfly are all very glad to see him back, especially if they used to have him but more in behavior!" at the house a good deal, as he told

"I don't think he meant to boast of it," she said. "He spoke quite calmly," she retorted, as her partner presently, "I still dance like an Infor the next dance arrived.

She took wing away on the breeze of the waltz, and George, having He does the dancing for the family." stared gloomlly after her for a few moments, postponed filling an engage- lt?" ment, and strolled round the fluctuating outskirts of the dance to where glanced toward the open door and fer!" his uncle, George Amberson, stood lowered his voice, "He wouldn't come

the room.

uncle. "Why lingers the laggard heel said this Georgie Minafer got himself of the dancer? Haven't you got a elected instead, in an overbearing partner?"

Aunt Fanny Minafer was dancing gle is." with a while ago?"

Amberson laughed. "He's a man crally?" or do I err?

"Never mind! What sort is he?" about him." "I think we'll have to give him a friend; used to practice law here for one thing. And for another, his her father's faith in horseless carperhaps he had more debts than cases, mother just fell down and worshiped riages, for she laughed and said nothtown. Your question is purely mer- thinks he's a little tin god on wheels with snowflakes, and trembled to the cenary, I take it: you want to know -and honestly it makes some people load, continuous jingling of sleighhis true worth before proceeding rur- weak and sick just to think about bells. Boys and ciris, all aglow and ther with the daughter. I cannot in- him! Yet that high-spirited, intelli- panting jets of vapor, darted at the form you, though I notice signs of gent woman, Isabel Amberson, actuconsiderable prosperity in that be ally sits and worships him! You can or sought to rope their sleds to any coming dress of hers. However, you hear it in her voice when she speaks vehicle whatever, but the fleetest no never can tell. It is an age when ev- to him or speaks of him. You can see more than just touched the flying cutery sacrifice is made for the young, it in her eyes when she looks at him, ter, though a hundred soggy mittens and how your own poor mother man- My Lord! What does she see when grasped for it, then reeled and whirled aged to provide those genuine pearl she looks at him?" studs for you out of her allowance Morgan's odd expression of genial from father I can't-"

"Oh, dry up!" said the nephew. "I understand this Morgan-"

"Mr. Eugene Morgan," his uncle suggested. "Politeness requires that the young should the sound of

"I guess the 'young' didn't know much about politeness in your day," George interrupted. "I understand an than I thought she was!" that Mr. Eugene Morgan used to be a great friend of the family, The way he was dancing with Aunt Fanny-"

your Aunt Fanny's heart was stirred by ancient recollections, Georgie," "You meant she used to be silly

about him?" "She wasn't considered singular," said the uncle. "He was-he was popular. Could you bear a question?" "What do you mean; could I at a time without busting." bear-

"I only wanted to ask: Do you take this same passionate interest in the parents of every girl you dauce with? thing this year to-"

"Oh, go on!" said George, moving away. "I only wanted to know-" He eft the sentence unfinished, and and crossed the room to where a girl sat waiting for his nobility to find time to fulun his contract with her for this dance.

"Pardon f' keep' wait," he muttered, as she rose brightly to meet him; and she seemed pleased that he came at mother is always right." all. He danced with her perfunctor-Not wholly mollified, he shrugged rily, thinking the while of Mr. Eugene Morgan and his daughter. Strangely enough his thoughts dwelt more upon George could not possibly have given a reason-even to himself-for this disturbing preponderance.

By a coincidence, though not an odd one, the thoughts and conversation of Mr. Eugene Morgan at this very time were concerned with ually, it is true. Mr. Morgan had retired to a room set apart for smok-



"Gene Morgan!"

found a grizzled gentleman lounging new times!"

knew the family before he left here?" claimed, rising with great heartiness. gun dancing. "I don't believe you know me!"

"Yes, I do, Fred Kinney!" Mr. Morgan returned with equal friendliness. "Your real face—the one I used to The appearance of Miss Lucy Morwanted a disguise."

explosive emphasis.

They sat and smoked. dian. Don't you?"

"No. I leave that to my boy Fred.

"No, he's not here." Mr. Kinney smillingly watching, under one of the It seems that a couple of years or

rose-vine arches at the entrance to so ago he had a row with young "Hello, young namesake," said the of a literary club they had, and he street, you know."

here: Who is this fellow Morgan that or any place else where young Geor- he consented to look forward again. | yards and let the people that bought

with a pretty daughter, Georgie. Me "I don't know about 'generally." I carriage to go that fast!" seemed you've been spending the eve- guess he gets plenty of tondying; but ning noticing something of that sort- there's certainly a lot of people that times," are glad to express their opinions "Yes," said George; "they do-for

"What's the matter with him?" character, Georgie. He's an old "Too much Amberson, I suppose, but he paid 'em all up before he left him from the day he was born. He lng. The cold air was polka-dotted

apprehension deepened whimsically. "She sees something that we don't see," he said.

"What does she see?" "An engel."
Kinney laughed aloud. "Well, if she sees an angel when she looks at Georgie Minafer she's a funnier wom-

"Perhaps she is," said Morgan. "But that's what she sees." "My Lord! It's easy to see you've Amberson laughed. "I'm afraid only known him an hodr or so. In

that time have you looked at Georgie and seen an angel?" "No. All I saw was a remarkably good-looking fool-boy with the pride

of Satan and a set of nice new drawing-room manners that he probably couldn't use more than half an hour "Then what-

"Mothers are right," said Morgan. Mothers see the augel in us because the angel is there. If it's shown to Perhaps It's a new fushion we old the mother the son has got an angel bachelors ought to take up. Is it the fo show, hasn't he? When a son cuts somebody's throat the mother only sees it's possible for a misguided angel to act like a devil-and she's entirely right about that!"

Kinney taughed and put his hand on his friend's shoulder. "I remember what a fellow you always were to argue," he said. "You mean Georgie Minafer is as much of an angel as any murderer is, and that Georgie's "I'm afraid she always has been,"

Morgan said lightly. The friendly hand remained upon

his shoulder. "She was wrong once, the father than the daughter, though old fellow. At least, so it seemed to me."

"No," said Morgan, a little awkwardly. "No-

Kinney relieved the slight embarrassment that had come upon both of them: he laughed again, "Wait till you know young Georgie a little bet-George Amberson Minafer, rather caster," he said. "Something tells me you're going to change your mind about having an angel to show, if you see anything of him!"

"You mean beauty's in the eye of eye of the mother. If you were a painter, Fred, you'd paint mothers with angels' eyes holding imps in their laps. Me, I'll stick to the old misters and the cherubs,"

Mr. Kinney looked at him musingly. Somebody's eyes must have been cetty angelic," he said, "if they've cen persuading you that Georgie Minafer is a cherub!" "They are," said Morgan heartily.

They're more angelic than ever." And as a new flourish of music sounded overhead he threw away his cigarette and jumped up briskly. "Goodby; I've got this dance with her."

"With whom?" "With Isabel!"

The grizzled Mr. Kinney affected to rub his eyes. "It startles me, your jumping up like that to go and dance with Isabel Amberson! Twenty years seem to have passed—but have they? Tell me, have you danced with poor old Fanny, too, this evening?"

"My Lord!" Kinney groaned half in earnest, "Old times starting all over again! My Lord!"

"Old times?" Morgan laughed gayly from the doorway. "Not a bit! There aren't any old times. When something about it before we came, ing, on the second floor, and had dead! There aren't any times but times are gone they're not old; they're

And he vanished in such a manner "'Gene Morgan!" this person ex that he seemed already to have be-

## CHAPTER VI.

well, too. He wasn't an inventor know-it's just underneath the one gan the next day, as she sat in then; he was a young lawyer. The you're masquerading in tonight. You George's fast cutter, proved so charmought to have changed it more if you ing that her escort was stricken to soft words instantly and failed to con- "There's "Twenty years!" said Mr. Kinney, trol a poetic impulse, "You look "It makes some difference in faces, like-" he said. "Your face looks like-it looks like a snowflake on a "It does so!" his friend agreed with jump of coal. I mean a-a snowflake pants of the cutter a glimpse of a that would be a rose-leaf too!"

"Perhaps you'd better look at the "However," Mr. Morgan remarked reins," she returned. "We almost upset just then."

George declined to heed this advice. "Because there's too much plnk in your cheeks for a snowflake," he con-"I suppose he's upstairs hard at tinued. "What's that fairy story about rat trap away and sell those old snow-white and rose-red-

"We're going pretty fast, Mr. Mina-"Well, you see, I'm only here for wo weeks."

"I mean the sieigh!" she explained. Georgie Minafer. Fred was president "We're not the only people on the "Oh, they'll keep out of the way."

save he'd rather burn his foot off going almost twenty miles an hour." | the price of the land kept getting (8, C.) State.

"He can trot under three minutes, all "Do people ilke young Minufer gen-right." He laughed. "I suppose your father thinks be can build a horseless

"They go that fast already, some

about a hundred feet! Then they give a yell and burn up."

Evidently she decided not to defend till sometimes the wearers of those daring mittens plunged flat in the snow and lay a-sprawl, reflecting.

But there came panting and chugging up that flat thoroughfare a thing which some day was to spoll all their sleightime merriment-save for the rashest and most disobedient. It was vaguely like a topless surrey, but cumbrous with unwholesome excrescences fore and aft, while underneath were spinning leather belts and something that whirred and howled and seemed to stagger. The ride-stealers made no attempt to fasten their sleds to a contrivance so nonsensical and yet so fearsome. Instead they gave over their sport and concentrated all their energies in their lungs, so that up and down the street the one cry shrilled increasingly: "Git a hoss! Git a hoss! Git a hoss! Mister, why don't you git a hoss?" But the mahout in charge, sitting solltary on the front seat, was unconcerned-he laughed, and now and then ducked a snowball without osing any of his good-nature. It was Mr. Eugene Morgan who exhibited so cheerful a countenance between the forward visor of a deer-statker cap and the coliar of a fuzzy gray ulster. "Git a hoss!" the children shricked, and gruffer voices joined them, "Git hoss! Git a hoss! Git a hoss!"

George Minafer was correct thus far; the twelve miles an hour of such a machine would never overtake George's trotter. The cutter was already scurrying between the stone pillars at the entrance to Amberson addition.

"That's my grandfather's," said George, nodding toward the Amberson mansion.

"I ought to know that!" Lucy exclaimed, "We stayed there late enough last night: papa and I were almost the last to go. He and your mother and Miss Fanny Minafer got the musicians to play another waitz when everybody else had gone downstairs and the fiddles were being put away in their cases. Papa danced part of It with Miss Minafer and the rest with your mother. Miss Minafer's your aunt, isn't she?"

"Yes; she lives with us. That's our house just beyond grandfather's," He the house Major Amberson had built for Isabel as a wedding gift. He frowned as they passed a closed carriage and pair. The body of this comfortable vehicle sagged slightly to one side; the paint was old and seamed with hundreds of minute cracks like little rivers on a black map; the coachman, a fat and elderly darky, seemed to drowse upon the box; but



Your Grandfather Now," Said Lucy.

the open window afforded the occutired, fine old face, a silk hat, a pearl tie and an astrachan collar, evidently out to take the air.

"There's your grandfather now," said Lucy. "Isn't it?"

George's frown was not relaxed. "Yes, it is; and he ought to give that -not even clipped. I suppose he doesn't notice it-people get awful tecture." funny when they get old; they seem to lose their self-respect, sort of."

"He seemed a real Brummell to me," she said.

"Oh, he keeps up about what he wears, well enough, but- Another "That's very patrician charioteeer- thing I don't think he ought to allow: sort of way. Fred's very bitter about ing, but it seems to me a horse like a good many people bought big lots "She's sitting around waiting for his row with Georgie Minafer. He this needs guidance. I'm sure he's and they built houses on 'em; then

me somewhere," said George, "See than set it inside any Amberson house "That's nothing," said George; but higher, and they'd sell part of Taur it build on it to live in, till they haven't hardly any of 'em got big, open yards any more, and it's getting all built up. The way it used to be it was a gentleman's country estate, and that's the way my grandfather ought to keep it. He lets these people take too many liberties: they do anything they want to."

> "But how could he stop them?" Lucy asked, surely with reason. "If he sold them the land it's theirs, isn't 1t?"

> George remained serene in the face of this apparently difficult question. "He ought to have all the tradespeople boycott the families that sell part of their yards that way. All he'd have to do would be to tell the tradespeople they wouldn't get any more orders from the family if they didn't do it."

"From 'the family?' What family?" "Our family," said George, unperturbed. "The Ambersons."

"I see!" she murmured, and evidently she did see something that he did not, for, as she lifted her muff to her face he asked: "What are you laughing at now?"

"Why?" "You always seem to have some little secret of your own to get happy

over! "'Always!" she exclaimed. "What a big word, when we only met last

night!" "That's another case of it," he said, with obvious sincerity. "One of the reasons I don't like you-much !- is you've got that way of seeming quietly superior to everybody else."

"I!" she cried. "I have?" "Oh, you think you keep it sort of confidential to yourself, but it's plain enough! I don't believe in that kind of thing. I think the world's like this: there's a few people that their birth and position, and, so on, puts them at the top, and they ought to treat each other entirely as equals." His voice petrayed a little emotion as he added, "I wouldn't speak like this to everybody."

"You mean you're confiding your deepest creed-or code, what ever it Is-to me?"

"Go on; make fun of it, then!" George said bitterly. "You do think you're terribly clever! It makes me "Well, as you don't like my seeming

'quietly superior,' after this I'll be nois ily superior," she returned cheerfully. "We aim to please!" "I had a notion before I came for you today that we were going to quar-

rel," he sald. "No, we won't; It takes two!" She laughed and waved her muff toward a new house, not quite completed, standing in a field upon their right. They had passed beyond Amberson addition and were leaving the northern fringes of the town for the open country. "Isn't that a beautiful house!" she exclaimed. "Papa and I call it our Beau-

tiful House." George was not pleased. "Does it

belong to you?" "Of course not! Papa brought me the beholder, and the angel is all in waved a scalskin gauntlet to indicate out here the other day, driving in his machine, and we both loved it. It's so spacious and dignified and plain."

"Yes, it's plain enough!" George

grunted. "Yet it's lovely; the gray-green roof and shutters give just enough color, with the trees, for the long white walls. It seems to be the finest house I've seen in this part of the country."

George was outraged by an enthuslasm so ignorant-not ten minutes ago they had passed the Amberson mansion. "Is that a sample of your taste in architecture?" he asked. "Yes. Why?"

"Because it strikes me you better go somewhere and study the subject a Lucy looked puzzled. "What makes

you have so much feeling about it? Have I offended you?" "'Offended' nothing!" George returned brusquely. "Girls usually think they know it all as soon as they've learned to dance and dress and flirt a little. They never know anything about things like architecture,

for instance. That house was about

as bum a house as any house I ever He spoke of it in the past tense, because they had now left it far behind them-a human habit of curious significance. "It was like a house meant for a street in the city. What kind of a house was that for people of any taste to build out here in the country?"

"But papa says it's built that way on purpose. There are a lot of other houses being built in this direction, and papa says the city's coming out this way; and in a year or two that house will be right in town."

"It was a burn house, anyhow," said George crossly. "I don't even know the people that are building it. They say a lot of riffraff come to town every year nowadays and there's other riffraff that have always lived here, and have made a little money, and act as if they owned the place. Uncle Sydney was talking about it yesterday: he says he and some of his friends are organizing a country club, and already some of these riffraff are worming into it-people he never heard of at all! horses. They're a disgrace, all shaggy | Anyhow I guess it's pretty clear you don't know a great deal about archi-

> She demonstrated the completeness of her amiability by laughing. "I'll

( Continued on Page 7.)

Refuses His Own Medicine, Reform is always intended for the other man. Never was a reformer who prescribed it for himself.-Columbia